

# o The Rakish Husband's GARLAND.

YOU gallant Beaus of Pleasure,  
observe but what I name,  
And make much of your Money,  
or else you are to blame;  
For if you are a Gentleman,  
a Lord, or noble Peer,  
If you bring yourself to Poverty,  
the World will at you jeer.

My Father dy'd, and left me  
Two Thousand Pounds in Gold,  
With seven Houses of my own;  
the Truth I will unfold:  
I thought it never would be Day,  
I roll'd in Gold so bright;  
Then in lewd Women's Company  
I plac'd my whole Delight.

At length I pitch'd my Fancy  
upon a youthful Whore,  
And she likewise pretended  
that she did me adore:  
Two Years we liv'd together;  
I left my loving Wife,  
And would not give her a Farthing  
for to support her Life.

I cloath'd my wanton Harlot  
in Gold and Jewels bright,  
And keep her a Maid and Footman  
to attend her Day and Night:  
I made my Gold and Silver  
like to the Chaff to fly:  
Observe but how my Mistress  
did serve me by and by.

I having spent my Money,  
and mortgag'd my Estate,  
Then did I find that Poverty  
would quickly be my Fate;  
One Day I unto my Mistress  
these very Words did say:  
My Dear, I find that my Estate  
will quickly wear away,

Without some other Way to live  
we soon do think upon:  
My Estate it is now mortgag'd,  
and when that Money's gone,  
What must I do for more, Love?  
to Work I know not how:  
She with a Frown to me reply'd,  
Pray what's the Matter now?

My Dear, you very well do know,  
the Harlot she did cry,

Before I knew you, I was kept  
like to a Lady gay:  
Why tell you me of Money?  
pray get it where you will:  
I am resolv'd to be maintain'd  
in Pride and Grandeur still.

I said, my dearest Jewel,  
I love you as my Life;  
You know, that for your own dear sake  
I slighted Babes and Wife:  
Then many Thousand Pounds I spent;  
but now I plainly see,  
That I am likely for to come  
to Want and Poverty,

Unless we do make better Use  
of what we have got left:  
Turn off your Maid and Footman,  
your Business do yourself.  
With that she fell a weeping,  
and said, that will never do;  
I'm sure I'll tell my Mother,  
that you do use me so.

She in the Morning rises,  
and to her Mother goes,  
Taking her Rings and Jewels,  
her Linen and her Cloaths:  
Her Mother she came raving,  
and said, Son, tell to me,  
Why you misuse my Daughter,  
the Reason let me see.

I never did misuse her,  
I to the Bawd did say:  
My whole Estate is wasted;  
then of her I did pray  
To turn her Maids away  
before it was too late,  
And find some other Way to live,  
since I have no Estate.

Here are Two Hundred Pounds in Gold  
will put us in a Way;  
But if I thought your Daughter base,  
and would not with me stay,  
I would go Home unto my Wife,  
with what is left in Store;  
For my dear Wife and Children  
are much distress'd and poor.

Dear Son, reply'd the treach'rous Bawd,  
I hope you'll not do so,  
To live so long together,  
and then from her to go:

Besides she is with Child,  
which Thing will break her Heart;  
As you have liv'd together,  
I hope you'll never part.

You say, you have two hundred Pounds,  
dear Son, do not despair;  
And if you will but take my Word,  
I solemnly declare,  
As soon as you have spent it,  
I will provide you more;  
Ne'er think of Wife and Children,  
my Daughter still adore.

Sure never was Man hinder'd  
thus by a filthy Whore;  
I had no Power to leave her,  
but did her thus adore:  
Before two Months were gone,  
my fine two hundred Pound,  
Besides many other rich Things,  
on her I did confound.

No sooner was the Money gone,  
but I to her Mother goes,  
Desiring of her the Supply  
she did to me propose:  
She said, I have not wherewithal;  
to now, upon my Life,  
The best Thing that you can do  
is to go to your Wife.

I said, How can you think my Wife  
will entertain me now,  
That scarce have got a Coat to wear?  
I cannot to her go.  
I value not, when said the Bawd,  
what Course of Life you take;  
I pray send back my Daughter,  
her Company forsake.

Then with a heavy Heart  
I to her Daughter goes:  
She said, my Dear, ne'er mind it,  
nor grieve at this sad News:  
Come, let us go to Bed To-night,  
To-morrow I will go  
For to know of my Mother,  
why she did serve you so.

But when that I was fast  
asleep in my Bed,  
She with my Coat and Waistcoat  
and Breeches away fled:  
But missing of my Mistress,  
I straightway then arose,

And found she had gave me the Slip,  
and likewise got my Cloaths.

Let every lewd Gallant,  
that's inclining unto Sin,  
Think what a sad Condition  
I at that time was in,  
Having neither Coat nor Waistcoat,  
nor Stocking for to wear,  
And never a Penny in the World,  
I solemnly declare:

My Wife she lived then  
a Mile or two from Town;  
I took the Blanket from the Bed,  
and wrapt my self all round:  
On Barefoot I did trudge,  
before the Morning-Light,  
To see if I could Comfort find  
from my dear loving Wife.

She then was sleeping in her Bed,  
when I knock'd at the Door:  
For to come down and let me in,  
I did of her implore:  
She said, is this my Husband,  
now in this wretched Trim?  
Said she, I will have Pity,  
though you unkind have been.

She tenderly did succour me,  
and no Reflections made;  
My pretty little Babies  
came prattling to my Bed,  
And said, Daddy, where have you been?  
we are glad to see you here;  
Their pretty Prattle from my Eyes  
did draw forth many a Tear,

To see the harmless Babies  
lie weeping by my Side,  
But I had ne'er a Penny left  
them Victuals to provide:  
The Tears of my dear loving Wife  
did fill my Heart with Dread:  
At length a pretty Project  
by Chance came in my Head.

My Wife she had a Brother,  
that was to her a Friend;  
Then straight I did desire  
he would some Money lend:  
When he came in the Room,  
I did his Pardon crave;  
For being to his Sister  
such a base and cruel Knave.

I told him, I could find a Way  
to cheat this Bawd and Whore;  
If that he would but Cloath me,  
and lend me Guineas Store

Only to grace my Pocket,  
they'll take it for my own;  
And when I have the Project play'd,  
the Money I'll return.

My Brother granted my Request,  
and cloathed me straightway;  
Then lent me threescore Guineas,  
I went without Delay:  
He sent his Coach and Footman,  
that I might great appear;  
Then thus in all my Grandeur,  
I rode unto my Dear.

My Mother came to see me,  
saying, alas! my Son,  
Pray what could be the Meaning  
you from your Lodgings run?  
My Daughter took your Cloaths,  
that I might bring you new;  
I told her it was very well,  
I did believe it so.

I said, my Brother he was dead,  
and left me his Estate,  
His Coach and his Attendance,  
so now both rich and great,  
I'll quickly make my Jewel,  
since I have Fortune found;  
But now I first must borrow  
of you Three Hundred Pound

Her Mother fetch'd the Money,  
without any Delay:  
They dress'd themselves in their Best,  
to Ride with me straightway:  
We drove unto a Common,  
which was both long and wide,  
Then pulling out my Rapier,  
you Bitches, strip, I cry'd,

And shew your naked Arses,  
as you made me to do:  
I left them neither Smock nor Gown,  
nor Stocking nor a Shoe:  
You'd split your Sides with Laughter,  
to see the Whores to run:  
Never a Rag unto their Backs;  
then to my Wife I come.

I gave to her the Money,  
she well improves the same;  
Let every Man know how to prize  
and love a virtuous Dame:  
For when a Whore doth bring a Man  
to Want and Poverty,  
He scarcely then can find a Friend,  
but is forc'd to his Wife to fly.

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